

Canadian
Parade
03659

Phillipps-Wolley, C.
In memory of our dead at Modder River.

03659

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In Memory of Our Dead.

At Modder River,

Feb. 21, 1900.



Clive Phillips-Wolley.

Victoria, B. C.

All Proceeds for the Benefit of the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Our Testament.

HY is it that ye grieve, oh, weak in faith
Who turn towards High Heaven upbraiding eyes?
Think ye that God will count your children's death
Vain sacrifice?

Half mast your flags? Nay, fly them at the head!
We reap the harvest where we sowed the corn:
See from the red graves of your gallant dead
An Empire born.

Do ye not know ye cannot cure a flaw,
Unless the steel runs molten red again
That mere men's words cannot together draw
Those who were twain?

Do ye not see the Anglo-Saxon breed
Grew less than kin on every continent :
That brothers had forgotten in their greed
What "brother" meant?

Do ye not hear from all the humming wires,
Which bind the mother to each colony,
How He works surely for our best desires
To weld the free—

With blood of freemen into one Grand Whole,
To open all the gates of all the Earth?
Do ye not see, your Greater Britain's soul
Has come to birth?

Do ye not hear above the shrieks—the song
From all those outland hearts which peace kept dumb:
“There is no fight too fierce, no trail too long,
When Love cries Come.

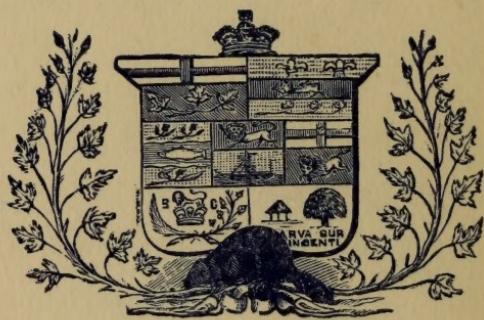
Can ye beat steel from iron in the sun:
Or crown Earth's master on a bloodless field?
As Abram offered to his God—his son,
Our best we yield.

And God gives answer. In the battle smoke;
Tried in wars crucible, washed white in tears,
The Saxon heart of Greater Britain woke
One for all years.

Lift up your eyes. Your glory is revealed,
See through war's clouds the rising of your Sun!
Hear ye God's voice. — *Your testament is sealed*
And ye be one.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

Victoria, B.C., Feb. 21st, 1900.



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